THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 113.

The following letter is in open hostility to my sentiments, but I publish it not to shew an *impartiality*, which I do not even affect, but merely to demonstrate that ingenuity may cause paradoxes to appear plausible, and that well marshalled troops may contend on the side of Error and Evil.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR, *Boston, Feb.* 28.

IN one of my late evening rambles, I found the following Essay. The signature is that of an acquaintance, now absent; who writes much, but publishes little. From the rumpled appearance of the paper, and the paleness of the letters, it must have been written some time since; and, by the direction prefixed to it, seems to have been originally intended for the Port Folio. What prevented its publication, I am unable to determine; but, probably, it was the consciousness that the sentiments it contained were opposed to your own, and the consequent fear of its rejection.

As, however, I am pleased with the ardour of the author, in what he believes a just cause; and the freedom with which he expatiates on a theme, not the most popular he could have chosen; I have transcribed it for your perusal; that, if your opinion coincides with my own, it may accomplish its primary destination.

The copy is as accurate as possible: and I leave you at liberty to make any corrections, or erasures, you shall judge necessary.

Knowing your *impartiality* as an Editor, I send the following with the more confidence; and if, in so doing, I am guilty of presumption, my expectation from *that* must plead my excuse.

A CORRESPONDENT.

MR. SAUNTER,

As you have generously invited indolence to exertion, and diffidence to endeavour; as you have promised indulgence to the one, and encouragement to the other; allow me to offer you a few observations, from the impulse of feeling, rather than the mandate of presumption.

Having lately returned, after a long absence, to my native country, I have devoted many an hour to the perusal of your Miscellany. Amongst the variety of just criticism, and elegant literature, so conspicuous in its pages, I observed, in a number of no very recent date, a severe and indiscriminate censure of German Literature. Goethe, Wieland, and Schiller, were, probably, included in the Philippic, but Kotzebue is the ostensible victim, offered for immolation on the altar of Prejudice. The opinion and name of Gifford, who, because the translator of Juvenal, must be oracular in literary affairs, is pompously adduced, and ostentatiously vaunted in support of a criticism which, for virulence of censure, and acrimony of sarcasm, has not often been exceeded. But, let it be remembered that 'tis the same Gifford, who has also derided the splendor of Gibbon, the elegance of Darwin, and the melody of Robinson; and who, emulous of all the honours of Parnassus, is disposed to diminish or destroy the claim of any other competitor to the laurels, that adorn it.

I do not offer a formal "*vindication*" of the plays of Kotzebue. The attempt would be presumptuous as unnecessary. As I do not wish, neither would I attempt, to excuse the immorality too prevalent in many of them. The *easy*-chair pertaining to the professorship of *Ethics*, I resign to your correspondent, Mr. Saunter; as more consonant to his abilities, and congenial to his disposition.

Grateful, however, to the author of "Pizarro," for the delight its perusal afforded me, I am anxious to impart emotions, whose pleasure I have experienced; and to contribute my mite toward rescuing from unwarrantable censure, a play, which, for energy of design, and spirit of execution, has seldom been surpassed.

Pizarro may, I believe, strictly be termed an historic tragedy; its incidents being as conformable to truth as is, perhaps, consistent with the rules, usually followed in dramatic composition. The interest of those events that form the plot, is still powerful even in the simple detail of the historian; but when heightened by the aid of scenery, and personal representation, their effect is irresistible. The mind is no longer under the necessity of recurring to the tedious narration, or the doubtful legend; nor the imagination allowed to recreate itself in "bodying forth the forms of things unknown." Beings of other nations, events of other times, claim our attention; the genius of the Poet, expansive, yet faithful, gives, apparently, identity to person, and makes the past appear the present. We behold a band of invaders, careless of the cries of humanity, regardless of the voice of Heaven, desolating the dominions of the children of the sun. Alternately we weep for the natives, and execrate the Castilians. Peru once more is conquered; and gigantic crime stalks triumphantly amid its ruins.

Pizarro unites the soul of the warrior, with the ferocity of a cannibal. Impetuous and vindictive in temper, rich in invention, and boundless in ambition; but unrestrained by religion, unchecked by conscience, no villainy but what was daring, no vice that was not monstrous, could attain his perpetration. A hero, unknowing fear; whose body, like his mind, was stronger than death. A savage, deliberately barbarous. A demon uncontrolable as the tempest, and dreadful as its devastation.

The mild deportment, graceful refinement, and tender enthusiasm of Alonzo, are finely contrasted with the martial manners, severe integrity, and steady magnanimity of Rolla; and, to this hero, so glorious in life, so transcendently glorious in death, we may justly apply the interrogations of Pope:—

> Who sees him act, and envies not the deed?
> Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?

Cora is the faithful transcript of an idolizing wife, a doating mother. Her ardent attachment to her husband, her consequent regard for his friend, and her fondness for her child, are as natural traits of character as the distraction that ensues, in a mind so susceptible, on the supposed death of her lord, and orphanage of her son. Her distrust, and suspicion of Rolla, find, alas, their parallel too often in Humanity. The powers of the Poet are, also, forcibly exercised in pourtraying the immediate and violent transformation produced by despair. The female, before so gentle, confiding, and irresolute, becomes, suddenly, wild, incredulous, and resolved. The plaintive air she warbles in the forest must receive a response from every mother, who, gazing on her infant, is alive to the cruel reflection that he has no longer a father; and amidst all the irregular wildness of a maniac's stanza, it has all the simple pathos that finds its way directly to the heart.—The attentive spectator of human life, the minute observer of human passions, will acknowledge in Elvira the workings of a mind, naturally great, and retaining its dignity even in degradation. Though lowered from her former rank in society, her pride remains, after the loss of that virtue that might have justified it. Her earnest endeavours to awake in Pizarro the heroism she admired; her ineffectual remonstrances, her rage, —her revenge,—we should have expected. Her ingenuous confession of her bold attempt, and her subsequent vow to devote herself to solitude and penitence, are worthy of Elvira—worthy of Kotzebue.

I do not remark on any of the inferior characters in this play; among which the Castilian guard holds the highest rank. Having neither the talent, nor the inclination, I shall not attempt a "*critical analysis.*" Being rather of an indolent disposition; and, like you, Mr. Saunter, more inclined to *dream* than to *watch* over literature, I may not have reaped that benefit from a classical education, with which the public have been already sufficed, in the pages of the sentimental "Harley," and the vivacious "Florian."

It must require that peculiar *sharpness of optic*, which, according to the poet, has the power of "*seeing what is not to be seen*," to discern any violation of nature and probability; any immorality or impiety, still less any insipidity in this tragedy. Rolla is the only character against which the charge of being unnatural can be preferred with the smallest plausibility. His almost super-human achievements: the ardour with which he gives the highest possible evidence of mortal friendship; his magnanimous forbearance when his inveterate enemy was in his power; are indeed traits, approximating so much nearer to divinity than any we behold in *this era of perfectibility*, we might almost pronounce them beyond imitation. But former times have, for the honour of human nature, produced instances of illustrious greatness, and resplendent virtue. Albuquerque, Gama, and Columbus, with many others, possessed souls very congenial with that of the Peruvian hero; and we may add to the delight of contemplating his virtues, the exulting reflection that they are not unexampled.

It may appear singular to the moralist, philanthropic as Cowper; to the critic, liberal as Langhorne; that Gifford, alike favoured of Fortune and of Taste; beloved by Cookesey; patronized by Grosvenor; who has, continually, received such large libations from the "milk of human kindness;" should peruse with the moroseness of a cynic, and decide with the asperity of a misanthrope. "Of this extraordinary man what shall we say, but—alas poor human nature?"

It would afford me sincere pleasure as a friend of Kotzebue, and of candour, if some one, with ability competent for the task, would present us with a critical dissertation, or even a critical animadversion, on German writings. But when accusation passes for proof, acrimony for justice, and intemperate decision for strict impartiality; we shall in vain endeavour to form a correct judgment, or an unbaissed opinion.

The plays of Kotzebue have been received with approbation; acted and re-acted with applause. "Pizarro," in particular, must be a favourite with every man attached to just delineation, nobleness of sentiment, or elevation of character.

The approbation of the majority has been considered, on the whole, the best criterion by which to estimate the merits, or demerits, of a production. If this opinion be correct, may we not hope that the plays of Kotzebue will yet survive, notwithstanding the unqualified invective of Gifford, and the echoing vehemence of an Editor.

VENONI.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

[*Continued.*]

There is not, in any of Richardson's works, one of those detached episodes, thrown in like make-weights, to increase the bulk of the volume, which are so common in other works: such is the story of The Man of the Hill, in Tom Jones. If his works are laboured into length, at least his prolixity is all bestowed upon the subject, and increases the effect of the story. Flashes of humour, and transient touches of sensibility, shew, indeed, genius; but patient and persevering labour alone can finish a plan, and make every part bear properly upon the main subject.

Sir Charles Grandison, however, lies open, as what work does not? to criticism. Besides the double love, which has been mentioned, there was another point which perplexed the author much: Sir Charles, as a Christian, was not to fight a duel, yet he was to be recognised as the finished gentleman, and could not be allowed to want that most essential part of the character, the deportment of a man of honour, courage and spirit. And, in order to exhibit his spirit and courage, it was necessary so bring them into action by adventures and rencounters. His first appearance is in the rescue of Miss Byron, a meritorious action, but one which must necessarily expose him to a challenge. How must the author untie this knot? He makes him so very good a swordsman, that he is always capable of disarming his adversary without endangering either of their lives. But are a man's principles to depend on the science of his fencing-master? Every one cannot have the skill of Sir Charles; every one cannot be the *best* swordsman; and the man whose study it is to avoid fighting, is not quite so likely as another to be the best. Dr. Young, indeed, complimented the author upon his success in this nice point, in a flourishing epigram, which is thus expressed:

> What hast thou done? I'm ravish'd at the scene;
> A sword undrawn makes mighty Caesars mean.

But, in fact, it was not undrawn. In the affair with Sir Hargrave, he may be said to have really fought a duel; for, though he refuses the challenge in words, he virtually accepts it, by going into the garden with him, knowing his purpose. In like manner he with Greville retires to a private spot, and there, on his adversary's drawing, which he might be sure he would do, draws, disarms, and gives him his life. But Greville might not have given him his, nor could every one turn a duel into such harmless play. Can, then, a better expedient be suggested? If not, must we not fairly confess that, in certain cases, the code of the gos-

the code of worldly honour are irreconcilable, and that a man has only to make his choice which he will give up.

Another fault is, a certain stiffness which, it can hardly be denied, is spread over this admirable character. This results partly from the author's style, which, where it aims to be elegant, wants ease; partly from the manner in which the hero is *prone*, as the French say, by all the other characters, and from the abundance of compliments which are paid on all sides; for certainly Sir Charles is *de la vieille cour*. In part, too, it arises from the very circumstance of his being so perfect and so successful. Perfection of character, joined to distress, will interest; but prosperous perfection does not greatly engage our sympathy. We are apt to conceive of Sir Charles as having, in reality, no passions; and we do not greatly pity him for the loss of Clementina, when a most amiable lady, who had the other half of his heart, was waiting his acceptance on the other side of the water. We are not quite satisfied with the dutiful resignation with which he gives up corresponding with two amiable and beloved sisters, in compliance with the injunctions of a tyrannical father. We are the less surprised, however, as we recognize in it the high notions entertained by the author of parental authority; but we can give no answer to the question, How came so dutiful a son to enter into a treaty of marriage without consulting his father? except, what perhaps is sufficient, that it would have embarrassed the story.

There is one important particular in which this highly-wrought character does not present an example for imitation, and that is his going so far into a matrimonial treaty with a bigotted catholic; with a woman whose very love for him must expose him to continual distressing importunities to change his religion. Italian servants, an Italian confessor, a stipulated residence half the year out of his native country, and, above all, the giving up half his children (it might happen to be all) to the errors of a faith which he believed to be erroneous —these are among the sacrifices which a conscientious man will scruple, and a wise man will refuse to make. Horrible must be a union, where the most tender affection can only serve to lacerate the heart, as must be the case, when the object of it is supposed to be under the wrath of God, and doomed to everlasting perdition. This must be the consequence of marrying a bigot to any mode of faith, where the other party is of a different one. Add to this, that the very proposal, made so often by the proud Poretta family to Sir Charles, to change his religion for a wife, and bind himself to live half the year out of his native country, was a high insult to him, considered only as an English gentleman. The author, however, valued himself upon his management of this nice negociation; and, in a letter to one of his French translators, dexterously brings it forward, as a proof of his candour and liberality towards the catholic religion.*

The author of Sir Charles often mentions in his letters, that he was importuned by many of his friends, to give them another volume, and the Gottenburg translators sent for the rest of the work, supposing it incomplete: he ought to have received it as a proof that it was too long, and not too short. He had already continued it a whole volume beyond the proper termination, the marriage of his hero, and having done so, he might, without more impropriety, have gone on to the next point of view, and the next, till he had given the history of two or three generations. Clarissa, perhaps, run out into too great a length, but bold were the hand that should attempt to shorten it. Sir Charles, on the contrary, would be improved by merely striking out the last volume, and, indeed, a good part of the sixth, where descriptions of dress, and parade, and furniture, after the interest is completely over, like the gaudy colouring of a western sky, gives symptoms of a setting sun. But it is ungrateful to dwell on the faults of genius.

Besides his three great works, Richardson gave to the world a volume of Familiar Letters; A paper in the Rambler; An edition of Æsop's Fables, with Reflections; and he was concerned in a few booksellers' publications. The Familiar Letters is the book he laid by to write Pamela, and which he finished as soon as he had done with that work. He did not give his name to it. It is seldom found any where but in the servant's drawer, where it is a favourite book, but when so found, it has not unfrequently detained the eye of the mistress, wondering all the while by what secret charm she was induced to turn over a book, apparently too low for her perusal; and that charm was—Richardson. This book shews him intent, as he always was, to inculcate the duties of life, and it shews how accurately he had attended to the various circumstances and relations of it. The Rambler he wrote was the ninety-fifth number: it describes the progress of a virtuous courtship, and pleased the public so much, that it is said to be the only paper which experienced a great demand, while the work was publishing in numbers. Richardson was a sincere friend of Dr. Johnson's, and interested himself much for the success of the Rambler, which, before the papers were collected in volumes, went off but heavily. He also published a single sheet of the Duties of Wives to Husbands, and a Selection of Maxims and Moral Sentiments, extracted from his three novels, for he always valued himself upon the morality of his pieces, much more than upon his invention, and had partly persuaded himself, and partly been flattered by others, into the idea, that he was the great reformer of the age. An excellent moral writer he certainly was, because his pathetic powers interested the feelings in the cause of virtue; but as he did not possess that kind of style, either of terseness or dignity, which is necessary to give brilliancy to moral maxims and observations taken separately, it was a vain expectation that his should attract attention, when they were abstracted from all that had rendered them impressive. Yet he certainly did seem to expect, that this little volume would be used by his admirers as a kind of manual of morality.

The style of Richardson, which it remains to take notice of, was not in proportion to his other excellencies of composition. He wrote with facility; expressions, as well as thoughts, flowing readily to his pen; but we do not find in his writings, either the ease and elegance of good company, or the polished period of a finished author. They are not only overloaded with a redundance of complimentary expression, which gives a stiffness to the dialogue, particularly in his Grandison, where he has most attempted to give a picture of genteel life, but they are blemished with little flippancies of expression, new coined words, and sentences involved and ill-constructed. One of his correspondents, a Mr. Read, after giving him high and just praise, thus expresses himself: "But is there not here and there a nursery phrase, an ill-invented uncouth compound; a parenthesis, which interrupts, not assists, the sense? If I am wrong, impute it to the rudeness of a college-man, who has had too little commerce with the world, to be a judge of its language." If this was considered to be the case when Richardson wrote, it is a still greater impediment to his fame at present, when we are become more fastidious with regard to style, in proportion as good writing is become more common; that degree, I mean, of good writing, which a habit of the pen will always give. The style of Richardson, however, has the property of setting before the reader, in the most lively manner, every circumstance of what he means to describe. He has the accuracy and finish of a Dutch

* It is said, that an Italian translation of the bible appeared some years since at Naples, in the preface to which the translator warned his readers against English publications; but excepted one, the Clarissa of Richardson.

painter, with the fine ideas of an Italian one. He is content to produce effects by the patient labour of minuteness. Had he turned his thoughts to an observation of rural nature, instead of human manners, he would have been as accurate a describer as Cowper: how circumstantial is the following description of a bird new caught! "Hast thou not observed how, at first, refusing all sustenance, it beats and bruises itself against its wires, till it makes its gay plumage fly about, and overspread its well-secured cage. Now it gets out its head, sticking only at its beautiful shoulders; then, with difficulty, drawing back its head, it gasps for breath, and erectly perched, with meditating eyes, first surveys, and then attempts, its wired canopy. As it gets breath, with renewed rage, it beats and bruises again its pretty head and sides, bites the wires, and pecks at the fingers of its delighted tamer; till, at last, finding its efforts ineffectual, quite tired and breathless, it lays itself down, and pants at the bottom of the cage, seeming to bemoan its cruel fate and forfeited liberty. And, after a few days, its struggles to escape still diminishing, as it finds it to no purpose to attempt it, its new habitation becomes familiar, and it hops about from perch to perch, and every day sings a song to amuse itself, and reward its keeper."

[*To be Continued.*]

CRITICISM.

[From the Edinburgh Review.]

Letters written by the late Earl of Chatham, to his Nephew Thomas Pitt Esquire, afterwards Lord Camelford, then at Cambridge.

It is singular that some of the most illustrious persons in modern history, after occupying an unexampled share of public regard, should have gone down to the grave, without exciting any of that posthumous solicitude which inferior wits and leaders of the fashion in matters of literature and society, have often monopolized to an extravagant degree. The conversations of Johnson, the correspondence of Gibbon, and the more trifling effusions of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, have long exercised an undisputed sway over the curiosity of the world, while the very inadequate memoirs which have been preserved of Lord Mansfield and Lord Chatham seem to have completely satisfied the demand for information respecting those illustrious characters. Much of this indifference is certainly owing to the belief that men of such a stamp had no time for those pursuits which render a more trivial life fruitful in amusing incidents, nor any leisure for the occupations which are calculated to carry down their private character to posterity. While the deeds of such men are matter of history, and flourish in the lasting records of public annals, the actions of the writers who delight and instruct mankind consist in their feats of conversation, their ordinary intercourse with the world, their epistolary communications, and various other transactions important in their unvarying and private scenes, but naturally viewed as the most trivial of all the occurrences which diversify the lives that are spent in the great tumult of affairs. It happens, in reality, that the private characters and familiar intercourse of those men, whom of all others it would be most interesting to follow out of the senate and the forum, are in general marked by a species of carelessness and flatness, which tends greatly to repress or to disappoint our curiosity: and the letters of Lord Chatham may not only be such as would excite no regard whatever, were they attached to another name, but even such as to raise little emotion, though given to the world as his authenticated productions.

We do not hesitate to affirm, that a part at least of this remark applies to the volume actually before us. The letters which compose it derive their whole interest from the character of their author. In the port folio of an ordinary man, they would have had no chance of being preserved. But who is there that would not seize with eagerness upon any such memorial of the '*minister of the people*'—the '*great commoner*'—the ruler of the house of Brunswick—the conqueror of Indostan and Canada—the terror of the Bourbons in their proudest days? To have the power of following such a man into the relaxations and duties of his private hours, is the distinguished privilege of these modern times, which are enlightened and adorned by an universal diffusion of literary pursuits. To pry into the retirement of the great, is one of the exquisite luxuries of learning—one of the refinements in which modern delicacy and taste indulge. The name of Chatham is no sooner pronounced, than a multitude of associations are excited to awaken our curiosity; and we become suddenly prepared to feel the liveliest interest in the most trivial document of his private occupations and character, which is handed down to us with sufficient authenticity.

Such were the feelings with which we first opened the volume now before us, hopeful that its merits might bear some inverse proportion to its bulk, but perfectly assured that nothing which related to so eminent a man could be perused without a very high degree of interest. And, truly, nothing can be more pleasing than the examination actually proves. Literary merit—depth of reasoning, or extent and sagacity of observation—extraordinary stores of learning, or flashes of eloquence—these certainly are not what we wished to find in the most careless and artless effusions of that illustrious statesman, in letters dictated by the warmth of an affection, almost maternal, during the minutes snatched from the most bustling period of his political career. But we discover, in every line of these interesting relics, features of a mind as lovely, as we know from other sources that it was powerful and accomplished. We discover unerring proofs that Lord Chatham was as amiable in the private relations of life, as the annals of the old and the new world proclaim him to have been transcendently great in the management of affairs. We are constantly delighted with traits of an union, extremely rare in the human character, of the stronger passions and grandest powers of the mind with its finer feelings and nicer principles: We meet with perpetual evidence, that neither the intrigues of courts, nor the contentions of popular assemblies, had ever effaced from this great man's heart those early impressions of virtue and piety, with which almost all are provided at their outset, but which so few are enabled to preserve even from the dangers and seductions of an obscurer fortune. It is entirely in this point of view that we are disposed to regard the present publication; and, aware that our readers may feel somewhat of the same interest in its contents, we hasten to make them acquainted with the book, chiefly by directing their attention to such extracts as struck us most in perusing it.

The letters are introduced by a very elegant and appropriate dedication to Mr. Pitt, and by a well-written preface, in which the editor (Lord Grenville) delivers some judicious remarks upon the valuable remains that he is ushering into the world.

'The following correspondence, imperfect as it is, (and who will not lament that many more such letters are not preserved?) exhibits a great orator, statesman and patriot, in one of the most interesting relations of private society. Not, as in the cabinet or the senate, enforcing, by a vigorous and commanding eloquence, those councils to which his country owed her pre-eminence and glory; but implanting, with parental kindness, into the mind of an ingenuous youth, seeds of wisdom and virtue, which ripened into full maturity in the character of a most accomplished man; directing him to the acquisition of knowledge, as the best instrument of action; teaching him, by the cultivation of his reason, to strengthen and establish in his heart those principles of moral rectitude which were congenial to it; and, above all, exhorting him to regulate the whole conduct of his life by the predominant influence of gratitude and obedience to God, as the only sure ground-work of every human duty!

'What parent, anxious for the character and success of a son, born to any liberal station in this great and free country, would not, in all that related to his education, gladly have resorted to the advice of such a man? What youthful spirit, animated by any desire of future excellence, and looking for the gratification of that desire in the pursuits of honourable ambition, or in the consciousness of an upright, active and useful life, would not embrace, with transport, any opportunity of listening on such a subject to the lessons of Lord Chatham? They are here before him. Not delivered with the authority of a preceptor, or a parent, but tempered by the affection of a friend towards a disposition and character well entitled to such regard.' p. x. —xiii.

Lord Grenville follows up these introductory remarks by some eloquent and profound observations upon several points, on which his opinions differ widely from those delivered by Lord Chatham in these letters. His dissent is chiefly entered on the two following topics—the merits of Lord Bolingbroke's 'Remarks on the English History,' which he justly thinks Lord Chatham very much overrated, whether we consider the purity and precision of the style, the sagacity of the remarks, or the fidelity of the narrative—and the judgment insinuated by Lord Chatham upon the integrity of Lord Clarendon's character. Into the defence of that celebrated statesman, the noble editor enters with great earnestness and irresistible effect. His eloquent exposition of Lord Clarendon's conduct, is naturally mingled with remarks upon the two characters of the two masters whom he served; and the whole passage is distinguished by so much force of diction, and genuine liberality of sentiment, that our readers will thank us for extracting it entire. The tenor of Lord Grenville's public life, and the general principles of policy which have guided his discourses in the senate, would not, perhaps, lead us to expect from his pen an ample recognition of true Whig principles, on a question always taken as a general test. At the same time, we must disclaim any paltry intention of imputing inconsistency to that distinguished statesman. We are still less capable, we hope, of insinuating that his opinions have been modified, in any degree, by the unprecedented divisions and combinations which have signalized the recent history of British parties. We deduce the free current of his remarks from a very different source, and consider them as the real sentiments which he has always entertained upon abstract questions, and which he would have openly avowed, had the circumstances of the times demanded or justified a discussion of such general principles. For the rest, we do not remember ever to have met with a more impartial view of the great question regarding the civil war, than appears to have dictated the following striking observations.

'Clarendon was unquestionably a lover of truth, and a sincere friend to the free constitution of his country. He defended that constitution in Parliament, with zeal and energy, against the encroachments of prerogative, and concurred in the establishment of new securities necessary for its protection. He did, indeed, when these had been obtained, oppose, with equal determination, those continually increasing demands of Parliament, which appeared to him to threaten the existence of the monarchy itself; desirous, if possible, to conciliate the maintenance of public liberty with

the preservation of domestic peace, and to turn aside from his country all the evils to which those demands immediately and manifestly tended.

'The wish was honourable and virtuous, but it was already become impracticable. The purposes of irreconcileable ambition, entertained by both the contending parties, were utterly inconsistent with the re-establishment of mutual confidence. The parliamentary leaders openly grasped at the exclusive possession of all civil and all military authority: And, on the other hand, the perfidy with which the King had violated his past engagements, still rankled in the hearts of his people, whose just suspicions of his sincerity were continually renewed by the unsteadiness of his conduct, even in the very moments of fresh concession: while, amongst a large proportion of the community, every circumstance of civil injury or oppression was inflamed and aggravated by the utmost violence of religious animosity.

'In this unhappy state, the calamities of civil war could no longer be averted; but the miseries by which the contest was attended, and the military tyranny to which it so naturally led, justified all the fears of those, who had from the beginning most dreaded that terrible extremity.

'At the Restoration, the same virtuous statesman protected the constitution against the blind or interested zeal of excessive loyalty; and, if Monk had the glory of restoring the monarchy of England, to Clarendon is ascribed the merit of re-establishing her laws and liberties: a service no less advantageous to the crown, than honourable to himself, but which was numbered among the chief of those offences for which he was afterwards abandoned, sacrificed, and persecuted by his unfeeling, corrupt, and profligate master.

'These observations respecting one of the most upright characters of our history, are here delivered with freedom, though in some degree opposed to so high an authority. The habit of forming such opinions for ourselves, instead of receiving them from others, is not the least among the advantages of such a course of reading and reflection as Lord Chatham recommends.' p. xviii.—xxiii.

Having called the attention of our readers, in the first instance, to the valuable preface of Lord Grenville, we must be permitted, before proceeding to the work itself, to suggest one slight criticism upon a quotation which he has introduced. Speaking of the late Lord Camelford, he exclaims, in the *words*, perhaps—but surely neither in the spirit, nor even in the language of Virgil,

'Quae gratio vivo———
——Eadem sequitur tellure repôstum!'

Such applications and travesties of classical authors we wholly disapprove. The meaning of the Roman poet, in the following passage, from which the preceding words have been picked and put together as they might have been from a *Gradus*, is, not that certain worthies were beloved after death, as they had been during their lives—but that charioteers and horsemen, drivers and horse-jockies, retain the same love of curricles and horse-flesh, in the other world, which they had manifested on earth—

'Quae gratia currûm
Armorumque fuit *vivis*, quae cura nitentes
Pascere equos; eadem sequitur tellure *repôstos*.'
Æn. VI. 653.

This kind of quoting and applying classical passages, would justify the friends of a pugilist in prefixing to his memoirs some of the famous lines which follow the passage already quoted by Lord Grenville. For example,

'Hic manus in patriâ pugnando vulnera passi——
——Quique sui memores alios fecere.' *Ibid.*

(To be Continued.)

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM COWPER.

[*Continued.*]

TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

June 23, 1780.

My dear Friend,

Your reflections upon the state of London, the sins and enormities of that great city, while you had a distant view of it from Greenwich, seem to have been prophetic of the heavy stroke that fell upon it just after. Man often prophecies without knowing it—a spirit speaks by him, which is not his own, though he does not at the time suspect, that he is under the influence of any other. Did he foresee what is always foreseen, by him who dictates, what he supposes to be his own, he would suffer by anticipation, as well as by consequence; and wish perhaps as ardently for the happy ignorance, to which he is at present so much indebted, as some have foolishly, and inconsiderately done, for a knowledge that would be but another name for misery.

And why have I said all this? especially to you, who have hitherto said it to me—Not because I had the least desire of informing a wiser man than myself, but because the observation was naturally suggested by the recollection of your Letter, and that Letter, though not the last, happened to be uppermost in my mind. I can compare this mind of mine to nothing that resembles it more, than to a board that is under the carpenter's plane, (I mean while I am writing to you,) the shavings are my uppermost thoughts; after a few strokes of the tool, it requires a new surface, this again upon a repetition of his task, he takes off, and a new surface still succeeds—whether the shavings of the present day, will be worth your acceptance, I know not, I am unfortunately made neither of cedar, nor of mahogany, but *Truncus ficulnus, inutile lignum*—consequently, though I should be planed till I am as thin as a wafer, it will be but rubbish to the last.

It is not strange that you should be the subject of a false report, for the sword of slander, like that of war, devours one as well as another; and a blameless character is particularly delicious to its unsparing appetite. But that you should be the object of such a report, you who meddle less with the designs of government than almost any man that lives under it, this is strange indeed. It is well however, when they who account it good sport to traduce the reputation of another, invent a story that refutes itself. I wonder they do not always endeavour to accommodate their fiction to the real character of the person; their tale would then at least have an air of probability, and it might cost a peaceable good man much more trouble to disprove it. But perhaps it would not be easy to discern, what part of your conduct lies more open to such an attempt, than another, or what it is that you either say or do, at any time, that presents a fair opportunity to the most ingenious slanderer, to slip in a falsehood between your words, or actions, that shall seem to be of a piece with either. You hate compliment I know, but by your leave, this is not one—it is a truth—worse and worse—now I have praised you indeed—well you must thank yourself for it, it was absolutely done without the least intention on my part, and proceeded from a pen that as far as I can remember, was never guilty of flattery since I knew how to hold it.——He that slanders me, paints me blacker than I am, and he that flatters me, whiter—they both daub me, and when I look in the glass of conscience, I see myself disguised by both—I had as lief my taylor should sew gingerbread-nuts on my coat instead of buttons, as that any man should call my Bristol stone a diamond. The taylor's trick would not at all embellish my suit, nor the flatterers make me at all the richer. I never make a present to my friend, of what I dislike myself. Ergo, (I have reached the conclusion at last) I did not mean to flatter you.

We have sent a petition to Lord Dartmouth, by this post, praying him to interfere in Parliament in behalf of the poor lace-makers. I say we, because I have signed it—Mr. G. drew it up. Mr. —— did not think it grammatical, therefore he would not sign it. Yet I think Priscian himself would have pardoned the manner for the sake of the matter. I dare say if his Lordship does not comply with the prayer of it, it will not be because he thinks it of more consequence to write grammatically, than that the poor should eat, but for some better reason.

My love to all under your roof.

Yours, W. C.

—

TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN.

July 2, 1780.

Carissime, I am glad of your confidence, and have reason to hope I shall never abuse it. If you trust me with a secret, I am hermetically sealed; and if you call for the exercise of my judgment, such as it is, I am never freakish and wanton, in the use of it, much less mischievous and malignant. Critics (I believe) do not often stand so clear of these vices as I do. I like your Epitaph, except that I doubt the propriety of the word *immaturus*; which (I think) is rather applicable to fruits than flowers, and except the last pentameter, the assertion it contains being rather too obvious a thought to finish with; not that I think an epitaph should be pointed, like an epigram. But still there is a closeness of thought and expression, necessary in the conclusion of all these little things, that they may leave an agreeable flavour upon the palate. Whatever is short should be nervous, masculine, and compact. Little men are so; and little poems should be so; because, where the work is short, the author has no right to the plea of weariness, and laziness is never admitted as an available excuse in any thing. Now you know my opinion, you will very likely improve upon my improvement, and alter my alterations for the better. To touch and retouch is, though some writers boast of negligence, and others would be ashamed to show their foul copies, the secret of almost all good writing, especially in verse. I am never weary of it myself, and if you would take as much pains as I do, you would have no need to ask for my corrections.

Hic sepultus est
Inter suorum lacrymas
GULIELMUS NORTHCOT,
GULIELMI et MARIÆ filius
Unicus, unicè dilectus,
Qui floris ritu succisus est semihiantis,
Aprilis die septimo,
1780, Æt. 10.

—

Care, vale! Sed non aeternùm, care, valeto!
Namque iterùm tecum sim modò dignus, ero.
Tum nihil amplexus poterit divellere nostros,
Nec tu marcesces, nec lacrymabor ego.

—

Having an English translation of it by me, I send it, though it may be of no use.

Farewel! "But not forever," Hope replies,
Trace but his steps and meet him in the skies!
There nothing shall renew our parting pain,
Thou shalt not wither, nor I weep again.

—

The Stanzas that I sent you are maiden ones, having never been seen by any eye but your mother's and your own.

If you send me franks, I shall write longer Letters—*Valete, sicut et nos valemus! Amate, sicut et nos amamus!*

—

TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN.

July 11, 1780.

I account myself sufficiently commended for my Latin exercise, by the number of translations it has undergone. That, which you distinguished in the margin, by the title of "better," was the production of a friend, and, except that for a modest reason he omitted the third couplet, I think it a good one.

To finish the group, I have translated it myself; and, though I would not wish you to give it to the world, for more reasons than one, especially lest some French hero should call me to account for it —I add it on the other side. An author ought to be the best judge of his own meaning; and, whether I have succeeded or not, I cannot but wish, that where a translator is wanted, the writer was always to be his own.

False, cruel, disappointed, stung to the heart,
France quits the warrior's for th' assassin's part,
To dirty hands, a dirty bri' e conveys,
Bids the low street and lofty palace blaze.
Her sons, too weak to vanquish us alone,
She hires the worst and basest of our own.
Kneel, France! a suppliant conquers us with ease,
We always spare a coward on his knees.

I have often wondered, that Dryden's illustrious epigram on Milton, in my mind the second best that ever was made; has never been translated into Latin, for the admiration of the learned in other countries. I have at last presumed to venture upon the task myself. The great closeness of the original, which is equal in that respect, to the most compact Latin I ever saw, made it extremely difficult.

Tres tria, sed longè distantia, saecula vates
Ostentant tribus, è gentibus eximios.
Graecia sublimem, cum majestate disertum
Roma tulit, felix Anglia utrisque parem.
Partubus ex binis Natura exhausta, coacta est,
Tertius ut fieret, consociare duos.

I have not one bright thought upon the Chancellor's recovery; nor can I strike off so much as one sparkling atom from that brilliant subject. It is not when I will, nor upon what I will, but as a thought happens to occur to me; and then I versify, whether I will or not. I never write but for my amusement; and what I write is sure to answer that end, if it answers no other. If besides this purpose, the more desirable one of entertaining you be effected, I then receive double fruit of my labour, and consider this produce of it, as a second crop, the more valuable, because less expected. But when I have once remitted a composition to you, I have done with it. It is pretty certain, that I shall never read it or think of it again. From that moment I have constituted you sole judge of its accomplishments, if it has any, and of its defects, which it is sure to have.

For this reason I decline answering the question, with which you concluded your last, and cannot persuade myself to enter into a critical examen of the two pieces upon Lord Mansfield's loss, either with respect to their intrinsic, or comparative merit, and indeed after having rather discouraged that use of them which you had designed, there is no occasion for it.

W. C.

[*To be continued.*]

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

PLUMPTON v. TOMKINS.

This was an action for slander.——The counsel for the plaintiff very gravely stated, that he was in a situation of TRUST, in an employment which none but an honest man could be permitted to hold. He was, and is now, employed at the General Post-office, where it is his business to look to the LAMPS at the offices of the inland department. As this employment gave him access to the places where the books of the post-office were kept, the reputation of honesty was necessary for him, in order to preserve that place, on which his livelihood depended. This reputation and good character, which it was so necessary for him to preserve, the learned counsel contended, had been most wantonly attacked by the defendant, (a guard to one of the mail coaches), who told him, publicly in the office where he was employed, 'that he was a swindler and a thief, and he could prove him such.' The defendant did not dare to justify these expressions, or attempt to prove that they were true.

This case turned out, upon the evidence of the witnesses who supported it, rather a curious one. The employment of *trust* and *confidence*, which the plaintiff held, was merely the situation of a *lamplighter*.

The cause of quarrel was a *goose*, which the defendant had brought up from the country, and which the plaintiff had received and eaten, but for which, as the defendant said, he never paid; and, upon this account, the defendant bestowed those epithets upon him.

The plaintiff appeared to have brought this action by the advice and persuasion of some of the clerks of the office, who felt very much offended by the defendant's not confining his epithets to the plaintiff; but looking round the office, and saying, 'I believe you are all a set of thieves together;' upon which one of the witnesses, (as appeared by his own confession,) advised this poor lamp-lighter to bring the present action.

The defendant's counsel, Mr. Park and Mr. Curwood, took objections to the declaration, as not stating any special damages, and not being supported by evidence to prove any general damage likely to ensue to him in his calling as a lamp-lighter.

These objections were decisive, and the plaintiff was nonsuited.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Whoever desires to taste or understand the delightful speculations and abstractions of Literature, must leave for a while the noisy bustle of worldly occupations, and retire into the sequestered shades of solitude and contemplation, whence he will return certainly not richer, possibly not wiser, but probably more susceptible of amusement from his own company for want of better, and more able to draw entertainment from his own imaginations; which, in his journey through life, he will often find an acquisition not altogether inconsiderable.

—

This world is a place both of punishment and probation, for which it is perfectly adapted, and we can be no more surprised to see moral and political evil here, than to see a magnificent prison with all its appendages of punishment, whips, pillories, and gibbets, make a part of a large, populous, and well governed city.

—

PEDESTRIAN FEAT....The very interesting match, which has been published in most of the London papers as depending, was decided on Friday, on Ipswich race-ground, in which Lieut. Fairman of the Royal Lanarkshire militia, was to travel on foot sixty miles in fourteen successive hours. Lt. Fairman was dressed in white calico. He started exactly at two o'clock in the morning; a mile previously measured on the course being lighted. The lights were not sufficient to render the first four hours even tolerable travelling. He, however, went twenty-one miles in that time, during which no bets could be made. About this time a heavy fog came on, which lasted till near noon; he had then been forty-six miles, having refreshed twice; still no betting. His spirits were good all the while, and the interest the numerous spectators took in his behalf, animated him extremely—he continued going at about four miles and a half an hour, till three quarters past one, and then he slackened his pace about four miles an hour, and the last two or three miles took him each seventeen minutes. He finished the distance at thirty-three minutes past three in the afternoon, being twenty-seven minutes less than the limited time; forty-five minutes were expended in refreshing himself at a cottage, whither he went five times, which lengthened his walk two hundred and fifty yards. This match, we are informed, was for three hundred guineas each, and bets to the amount of one hundred guineas.

[*London paper.*

—

Bold Jack the sailor here I come,
Pray how d'ye like my nib,
My trowsers wide, my trampers rum,
My nab and flowing jib.

I sails the seas from end to end,
And leads a joyous life,
In every mess I find a friend,
In every port a wife.

I've heard them talk of constancy,
Of grief and such like fun,
I've constant been to ten, cried I,
But never grieved for one.

The flowing sails we tars unbend,
To lead a jovial life,
In every mess to find a friend,
In every port a wife.

I've a spanking wife at Portsmouth gates,
A pigmy at Goree,
An orange tawney up the Straights,
A black at St. Lucie.

Thus whatsomedever course I bend,
I lead a jovial life,
In every mess I find a friend,
In every port a wife.

Will Gaft by Death was ta'en aback,
I came to bring the news,
Poll whimper'd sore, but what did Jack?
Why stood in William's shoes:

She cut, I chas'd, but in the end
She lov'd me as her life,
And so she got an honest friend
And I a loving wife.

Thus we be sailors all the go,
On Fortune's sea we rub,
We works and loves, and fights the foe
And drinks the generous bub.

Storms that the mast to splinters rend
Cant shake our jovial life,
In every mess we find a friend,
In every port a wife. [DIBDIN.

—

As a proof of the strict regularity of Sir William Jones in the application of his time, the reader is presented with a transcript of a card in his own writing. It may serve as a sample of the manner in which he devoted his leisure hours at all times.

DAILY STUDIES

For the Long Vacation of 1785.

Morning.	One Letter.
	Ten Chapters of the Bible.
	Sanscrit Grammar.
	Hindu Law, &c.
Afternoon.	Indian Geography.
	Roman History.
Evening.	Chess. Ariosto.

—

My Lord Coke's celebrated distich, directing a Law Student's disposition of Time, was thus translated by Sir. W. Jones.

Six hours in sleep, in Law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer—the rest on nature fix.
RATHER
Six hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.

—

Rome was more happy under the government of AUGUSTUS, than it was, while in possession of its republican freedom.

There is much beauty in the following lines "In commendation of Music." by William Strode, canon of Christ Church, of whom we know little more than that he was born about 1600, and died in 1644.

When whispering strains do softly steal
With creeping passion on the heart,
And when at every tone we feel
Our pulses beat and bear a part;

When sounds can make
A heart-string quake,
Philosophy
Can scarce deny,
The soul consists of harmony.

—

We see men afflicted with innumerable diseases, which proceed not from accident, but are congenial with their original formation. The stone grows in the bladder under the same direction as in the quarry, and the seeds of scurvy, rheumatism, and gout, are sown in the blood as vegetables are scattered over the face of the earth. From these various instruments of torture numberless are the miseries which mankind endure; nor are those, perhaps, less numerous, though less visible, which they suffer from that treachery, injustice, ingratitude, ill humour, and perverseness, with which they every hour torment one another, interrupt the peace of society, and embitter the comforts of domestic life; to all which we may add that wonderful ingenuity which they possess of creating imaginary, in the absence of real, misfortunes, and that corrosive quality in the human mind, which, for want of proper food of business, or contemplation, preys upon itself, and makes solitude intolerable, and thinking a most painful task.

[*Jenyns.*

—

The long agitated question concerning the authenticity of Ossian's Poems is now in a train of being finally decided. There is in the press a copy of the Celtic original, together with a Latin translation, in which the Celtic word is given in a Latin word verbatim as nearly as possible.

—

A witty traveller in Spain observes, the pepper of this country is red. Apollyon could not find a better kind of nutmeg for a *cool* tankard of *aqua fortis.*

—

As society is at present constituted, music generally affords a very seasonable relief to a mixed company. Young ladies love to display themselves at the Piano Forte, and young gentlemen love to stand by, and turn over the leaves and compliment them; and they who have little to say, or they who have much to think of, are glad of an excuse to sit silent.

—

In the new series of the Universal Magazine, Vol. I. we find the following poetical joke upon the dreadful style of many a modern sonnet.

Arthur, a sublime descriptive piece.

Dark was the night; and loud the wind storm howl'd,
Around, above, the vivid lightnings glare;
The thunder's awful noise unceasing roll'd
In dreadful peals along the troubled air.
When Arthur, silent, bent his careful way,
Along the landing's dun and dangerous gloom;
Seiz'd on the massy door that straight gave way—
And enter'd slow the horror-breathing room!
Trembling with dumb amazement, now he trod,
While Hope and Fear his breast alternate sway'd,
Reach'd where full well he knew there stood
A table dimly gleaming in the shade,
He felt—but utter'd with terrific fear,
G—d d—n the tinder-box, it is not here.

—

An impertinent scribbler had teazed Voltaire with continual letters, to which no answer had been given; at last the Wit wrote thus to his importunate correspondent,

'My dear sir,

'I am dead, and cannot, therefore, in future, have the honour to write to you.'

In a work lately produced by a wit and a scholar, I am well pleased to read the following remark, which quadrates exactly with my own opinion.

On the subject of quotations my opinions are unchanged and unchangeable,

Quia Graiorum sunt antiquissima quaeque;
Scripta vel optima—Romani pensantur eadem
Scriptoris trutina.

The delight which I have all my life received from the lecture of the classics may have had too powerful an effect on my gratitude, and may have led me into some of the errors of pedantry. But I cannot consent to give up these venerable and valuable acquaintances, whose company has hitherto been my greatest solace and satisfaction, merely because there happen to be some republicans in America, who never went to school, and doctors and professors, who cannot construe Cordery.

—

From the Spanish of Bartholeme Leonardo, written in the decline of life.

As the deep river swift and silent flows
Towards the ocean, I am borne adown
The quiet tide of time. Nought now remains
Of the past years; and for the years to come,
Their dark and undiscoverable deeds
Elude the mortal eye. Beholding thus
How daily life wares on, so may I learn
Not with an unprovided mind to meet
That hour, when Death shall gather up the old
And withered plant, whose season is gone by.
The spring flowers fade, the autumnal fruits decay
And grey old Winter, with his clouds and storms
Comes on; the leaves, whose calm cool murmuring
Made pleasant music to our green-wood walks
Now rustle dry beneath our sinking feet,
So all things rise and perish; we the while
Do, with a dull and profitless eye, behold
All this and think not of our future fate.
My friend, we will not let that soil which oft
Impregnate with the rains and dews of heaven
Is barren still and stubborn to the plough
Emblem our thankless hearts; nor of our God
Fogetful, be as is the worthless vine,
That in due season brings not forth its fruits.
Think'st thou, that God created man alone
For wander o'er the world and ocean waste
Or for the blasting thunderbolt of war?
Was this his Being's end? Oh! how he errs,
Who of his godlike nature and his God
Thus poorly, basely, blasphemously deems!
For higher actions and for loftier ends
Our better part the deathless and divine
Was formed. The fire that animates my breast
May not be quench'd and when that breast is cold
The unextinguishable fire shall burn
With brighter splendour: till that hour arise
Obedient to my better part, my friend
Be it my lot to live and through the world
Careless of human praise, pass quietly.
The eastern despot, he whose silver towers
Shot back a rival radiance to the sun,
He was too poor for sin's extravagance;
But Virtue, like the air and light of heaven,
To all accessible, at every heart
Intreats admittance. Wretched fool is he,
Who, thro' the perils of the earth and waves,
Toils on for wealth. A little, peaceful home
Bounds all my wants and wishes, add to this
My book and friend, and this is happiness.

—

In the material world we see all disorders cured by their own excesses: a sultry calm fails not to produce a storm, which dissipates the noxious vapours, and restores a purer air; the fiercest tempest, exhausted by its own violence, at length subsides; and an intense sunshine, whilst it parches up the thirsty earth, exhales clouds, which quickly water it with refreshing showers. Just so in the moral world all our passions and vices, by their excesses, defeat themselves: excessive rage renders men impotent to execute the mischiefs which they threaten; repeated treacheries make them unable to deceive, because none will trust them; and extreme profligacy, by the diseases which it occasions, destroys their appetites, and works an unwilling reformation.

[*Jenyns.*

In 'The Repertory,' we have perused of late many good jokes upon the subject of *smoking.* The following is not dull or stale.

PARODY OF HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To smoke or not to smoke!—that is the question;
Whether 'tis better to abjure the habit,
And trust the warnings of a scribbling doctor,
Or buy at once a box of best Havanna,
And, ten a day, consume them? To smoke—to puff—
Nay more, to waste the tender fabric of the lungs,
And risk consumption and the thousand ills
The practice leads to; 'tis a consummation
Discreetly to be shunn'd. To smoke—to puff——
To puff—perhaps to doze! aye, there's the rub,
For in that dozing state we thirsty grow:
And, having burnt the tube up to a stump,
We must have drink—and that's one cause
We modern youth are destin'd to short life.
For who can bear to feel his mouth parch'd up,
His throat like whalebone, and his chest exhausted,
His head turn giddy and his nerves unstrung,
When he himself might drench these ills away
With wine or brandy!——Who would live in smoke,
And pine and sicken with a secret poison,
But that the dread of breaking o'er a rule,
Prescrib'd by fashion (whose controuling will
None disobeys) puzzles ambitious youth,
And makes us rather bear those ills we feel
And others, that the doctor warns us of——
Thus custom does make spectres of us all;
And thus the native hue of our complexion
Is sickly'd o'er with pale, consumptive cast,
The appetite, (a loss of greater moment)
Pall'd by the weed; and the digestive pow'rs
Lose all their action.

—

The republicans in every country, and in this country in particular, are sorely afraid of any examination of their principles. They are terrified when any adventurous explorer approaches, lest those dark and thorny covers should be laid open, under which they have so long sheltered themselves from the rays of reason. Indeed, on the republican reprobate all the light of reason is cast in vain. He is blind in the noontide; and so far from acting under Experience, with all Experience, with History, with Reason and common sense he has declared an eternal warfare.

—

In the following humorous verses from the inventive Dibdin, of musical memory, we trace a resemblance to Goldsmith's 'Say, cruel Iris, pretty rake,' but the author is not a plagiarist, but a very pleasing original.

Long by some fair one was I trick'd,
Deceiv'd by Amaryllis,
By Celia maul'd, by Daphne kick'd,
And cuff'd about by Phillis.
Whene'er to tell my dying tale
Some Chloe I'd run after,
'Tis strange, but never did I fail
To make her die——with laughter.

I lov'd sweet Hebe, fair and young,
Be of your raptures thrifty,
Cried tattling Clamour's busy tongue,
Why she has lovers fifty!
Resolv'd to try, I quickly prov'd
'Twas false, by reasons plenty;
For soon I found she dearly lov'd
But me—and five and twenty.

To self-denying Delia win,
I various presents sent her;
All gold could buy I sent her in,
But nothing would content her:
I sent her trinkets without end,
Gems, pearls, to make her civil,
Till, having nothing more to send,
I sent her———to the devil.

Yet, after all, I am in love,
Mad, tipsy, all on fire;
No minion of the Cyprian grove
E'er rag'd with passion higher.
My head turns round, I'm in a flame,
I love like any dragon;
Say, would you know my mistress' name
Oh, 'tis a smiling flagon.

There can be little doubt but that, when Buonaparte was determined to have the presence of the POPE at his imperial coronation, he also resolved to receive him with all the honours and ceremonies paid by the ancient heads of the Roman empire to the exalted and sanctified situation of the head of the Roman church—to hold the stirrup of his saddle, and give him every other testimony of affected duty and obedience that hypocrisy can suggest. When Pius VI went, for a political purpose, to give the meeting to the emperor JOSEPH, the sovereign of Germany proposed to give him a reception of the same kind, but was prevented by the still more sagacious pontiff; who, on their meeting, threw himself from his horse, and, by embracing the emperor, prevented the performance of humiliating circumstances.

[*London paper.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

For several weeks, the Editor has been enabled, in consequence of numerous contributions both from British and American writers, to furnish poetry in no penurious parcels. He has the satisfaction to announce, that, in future, the Poetical department of the Port Folio will be entirely *original*.

We again repeat that when an anonymous writer wishes his productions to be fairly estimated, and promptly inserted, he must impart to us the whole of his design. No *single* paper of a series can be acted upon.

Of 'Beaumont' we think so favourably, that we shall be glad to peruse his manuscripts often.

'Florian,' with the genius of a scholar, seems to unite the humour of a truant. Whether he has wandered away, urged by business, or tempted by pleasure, we hope that he may soon return, and fulfil a promise made last autumn, and, we suppose, forgotten amid the lethargy of winter, but to be remembered, perhaps, during the enlivening holidays of spring.

'Britannicus' is perfectly correct in his conjecture respecting a similarity of sentiment between his correspondent and himself. We hope very often to hear from a man whose principles we respect, and whose poetry we admire.

We advise 'Yorick' to be more cautious. What begins in such levity may terminate in mischief. Airy frolicks often beget grave conclusions, and, according to PRIOR, are

——Like those amorous blades,
Who trifle with their mother's maids;
Though, at first, their wild desire
Was but to quench a present fire;
Yet, if the object of their love
Chance dame Lucina's aid to prove,
They seldom let the bantling roar
In basket at a neighbour's door,
But, by the flattering glass of nature,
Viewing themselves in Cakebread's feature,
With serious thought and care support
What only was begun in sport.

The TRANSLATOR of ANACREON may be invoked in the words of his friend W. Preston, Esq.

Haste thee hither, gentle sprite,
Haste in visions of the night,
Bowers of myrtle, bowls of wine,
Rosy garlands shall be thine;
To bedew thy raven hair,
Ind his odours shall prepare;
Oil, by alchymy that flows,
Soul of Persia's sweetest rose—
Where the gurgling crystal springs,
Where the lark or mavis sings,
Spread the banquet o'er the ground,
Strew the downy carpet round,
Bid the silk pavilion rise,
Shelter from capricious skies
Anacreon, yes, with lively cheer,
I haste, I fly to meet thee there;
And, to give thee honours due,
Call La Fare and Chaulieu.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I cannot say how much I was delighted to find by the Port Folio, that there are still some shepherdesses left in the world, and that one (an emigrant, I presume, from the savage shores of Europe to this our Arcadia) has lately been seen 'driving home her flock across the dewy shade,' by a person who 'rang'd a furzy-mantled glade;' and that 'when morn salutes the blushing east, she pours her fleecy younglings forth;' and that 'she spends the joyous hours 'mid amaranthine bowers,' 'and that,' &c. &c. &c. I am so enraptured with all this, Mr. Oldschool, that I really believe such another example would make me cry baa!

But, lest you think 'I praise malignly arts I cannot reach,' I present the following, which is in the true style of *sheepish* simplicity, and may be termed

A VERY PATHETIC PASTORAL.

Come, shepherds, bewail my sad fate,
You know not how wretched I am;
My ewes seek in vain for a mate,
And next year I shall not have a lamb.

Yet this I could suffer unmov'd,
If Phillis but kindly would look;
If she softly would whisper she lov'd,
I'd give both my pipe and my crook.

Oh! have I not cause for despair?
No zephyr my passion can cool!
For Phillis (ah, too cruel fair!)
False Phillis declares I'm a fool.

R. SHALLOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO Mrs. ——————

I cannot say, that, at your birth,
Celestial powers contended
To give a paragon to earth,
And all perfections blended.

I cannot say, like love-sick swain,
Berhyming on his Phillis,
That Flora gave you all her train
Of roses and of lilies.

I cannot say, with many a wound
Your eyes, like darts, molest us;
Nor that you Venus sleeping found,
And stole away her cestus.

Nor can I say, though told we ought
By prudence to be guided,
That always o'er each act and thought
Stern Pallas has presided.

But I *can* say, that you may claim
A merit most uncommon,
A heart which feels the purest flame
Of friendship—tho' a woman.

A—o.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONG.

When at bleak Winter's stern command,
Fair nature's blooming beauties fade,
And the sad groves all leafless stand,
And wither'd is each pleasing shade;

No nightingale, or linnet gay,
Is heard to wake the sprightly strain,
No turtle pours her love-lorn lay,
To soothe the soul of am'rous swain.

But when the jovial hours appear,
That usher in the vernal breeze,
When young-eyed Spring bedecks the year,
And clothes in verdant robe the trees;

The feather'd choristers prepare
To swell the gratulating song,
While through the soft expanse of air,
Wild music sweetly floats along.

So when my Sylvia, lovely maid!
Is by the touch of Sickness pain'd,
When on her cheeks the roses fade,
And with pale white her lips are stain'd;

Oh then! my heart oppress'd with woe
And inward anguish, pines away;
Nor from my lips does music flow,
A stranger to the warbling lay—

But if the charming nymph renews
The lively look, and health's soft bloom;
Into my breast it does infuse
New life, and dissipates my gloom.

Soon then I snatch the willing reed,
And soon it sounds my Sylvia's name;
My wond'ring flocks forget to feed,
And listen while I tell my flame.

Again the smiling sparkling eye
Beams lustre o'er her heav'nly face;
Again the cheek of vermil dye
Sheds, blushful round, its wonted grace—

Again her heaving breasts betray
A passion of sublimer kind;
There all the loves and graces play,
And there th' unerring archer blind.

Again I clasp her round, in bliss,
And press the yielding melting palm;
Again I steal th' ambrosial kiss
From lips distilling sweetest balm!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

VERSES WRITTEN DURING A FIT OF SICKNESS.

Oppress'd with grief, while racking pains
Distract my pensive soul;
While down my cheeks the scalding tears
In silent anguish roll;

In vain I close my wearied eyes
To court refreshing sleep;
The partial blessing is denied,
Still nature wakes to weep.

Pale sorrow shrouds my brightest hopes,
My fairest prospects fade;
The morn of youth must now give way
To night's approaching shade.

As Babel's piles, the sand-built schemes,
Which fancy sought to rear;
In ruins crumble at my feet,
Or vanish into air.

Behold, fond youth, they seem to say,
And read thy equal doom;
View there an emblem of thyself,
The cradle and the tomb!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE DECLARATION.

No formal prude nor pert coquet,
Could ever win my favour yet;
Nor airy belle, nor Sunday saint,
Yet reeking with unholy paint.
I hate the silly simp'ring miss,
Who shunning, means to beg a kiss,

And if I ever deign to prove
The slights and pangs of tender love,
'Tis only —— can point the dart,
I laugh at Cupid and his art.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ADDRESSED TO F. H. S.

As vernal buds, beneath a genial sun,
Soon yield their blossoms to the day;
So do the virtues of that lover bloom
On whom the beams of beauty play.

But should his mistress on a rival smile,
His virtues, through despair, decay,
Like vegetation of an early spring,
Chill'd by th' untimely frost in May.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. OLDSCHOOL,

I fear some of your female readers may be inclined to think there is rather too much warmth in some of the following lines; should that be the case, you may suggest the possibility that the fair who inspired them *might have been a bride.*

Nuda aspirat dulces Cytherea furores.

Away, ye lagging hours, away!
With my impatience wing your speed;
Chase hence this tedious, lingering day,
That will against my wishes plead.

O veil yon glorious orb in shade,
And bid th' unwelcome rays decline,
So love may view the sweetest maid
Bend votive at his sacred shrine.

Yet why should she delay my bliss?
Why blushing hide from day's bright eye
Th' impassion'd glance, the fervid kiss,
The fragrant incence of her sigh?

Surely her bosom fondly swells
With wishes for the promis'd hour;
Surely her busy fancy tells,
What extacy is in her power.

I see, half-clos'd, her humid eyes;
I feel her warm lips press'd to mine;
I hear her short, quick, rapt'rous sighs—
Her arms around my neck entwine.

Cease, Fancy, cease! nor on me pour
The burning radiance of her charms;
O calm my throbbing pulse! no more
Rouse all my senses in alarms!

I strive in vain: on time, on place,
How wildly my ideas rove!
She twines within my fond embrace
In all the witchery of love.

O for a stoic's tranquil heart,
Dead, dead to every dear delight,
To calm each fierce, impetuous start,
'Twixt this and tardy-coming night!

PHOSPHOR.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The day appears, awake, awake!
The red beams in the east arise;
One sweet embrace, O quickly take,
Ere from thy arms thy lover flies.

And must I—no, I cannot go,
I cannot quit this heaven of love,
A heaven which they alone can know
Whose hearts the tend'rest passions prove.

Yet I must go, or hear thy name
Profan'd by every venom'd tongue;
Hear those who would thy charms defame,
All, all combin'd to do thee wrong.

Adieu!—one kiss—sure never heart
Lov'd half so well, so fond, so true;
Another kiss before we part—
One other kiss, and then adieu!

PHOSPHOR.

—

SHORT HINTS,

Addressed to a friend on his intention of writing a novel.

In your last, dear Tom, you mention,
'To write a novel's your intention.'
'Twill be a friendly act in me
To help you with a recipe.
Seated in form it is your duty,
First to describe your heroine's beauty.
Rather above the middle size,
With auburn hair, and sparkling eyes;
A Grecian nose—a dimpled chin—
Pretty lips, and pretty thin;
Her face, I think, must oval be;
Her teeth, like pearl or ivory;
Her shape, of truest symmetry.
Thus finish'd in each limb and feature,
Present the lovely, charming creature!

Now for your hero—graceful, tall—
And dances sweetly at a ball—
In person manly—warm in temper—
In polish'd manner—*idem semper:*
Whether he claps his neighing steed,
Or—takes up some new book to read,
Still grace and elegance are seen
In voice, in action, and in mein.
His courage must to all be known,
And *publicly* it must be shewn;
A duel therefore—be your care—
To fire his pistol in the air;
And ne'er this needful point neglect,
It always has a fine effect!

To the object of her fond affections,
Her father must have strong objections;
No matter whether wise or not,
It serves to carry on the plot!
Be sure your lady's maid be clever,
Or else the fair one's lost forever;
So much depends on this same lass,
No good without her comes to pass.

Whenever, Thomas you intend
Your heroine from town to send,
When days are longer grown, and hotter,
Some place of note you must allot her.
But mind—'twould be a horrid bore
Not to allow a coach and four:
This satisfies all folks of sense
That she's of rank and consequence!
Would she a favourite book peruse,
Some fashionable author choose—
(For 'tis a solecism in breeding
If she's not sometimes fond of reading:)
No matter if to wit or sense
The work has not the least pretence;
'Tis now become a standing rule
To choose a fashionable fool.

If properly attended to,
These few short hints, dear Tom, will do.
Sit down, my friend, without delay—
Take pen and ink, and dash away.

K.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

Sweet Zephyr leave th' enamell'd plain,
And hither wave thy gentle wing;
Would'st thou out-rival Orpheus' strain,
O haste and touch this trembling string.

The balmy-breathing power obeys—
'Tis his my slender harp to claim;
He comes, and o'er its bosom plays,
And rapture wakes the slender frame!

The tender, melting notes of love,
The soul in soothing murmurs steal;
Low as the languor-breathing dove,
That, lonesome, coos her plaintive tale.

Hark! what sounds of pleasing pain,
Deep as some bleeding lover's lay,
Sad as the cygnet's moving strain,
When on the shore she dies away.

A nobler gale now sweeps the wire,
The hollow frame responsive rings,
Loud as when angels strike the lyre,
Sweet as the heav'nly chorus sings.

And hark! the numbers roll along,
Majestically smooth and clear,
Like Philomel's enchanting song,
The notes mellifluous pierce the ear.
Thus, as the varying accents flow,
Each passion feels th' accordant sound—
This lifts the soul, that sinks it low,
We seem to tread on fairy ground.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ODE TO THE HUMMING-BIRD.

Thou insect bird! thou plumed bee!
The muse attunes her lay to thee,
Of all that spread the tiny wing,
And float upon the gales of spring,
None boast so bright a form as thine,
No flower has hues that can out-shine
The crimson down thy neck that rings,
The verdant gold that tints thy wings;
To leave the leaf by zephyr borne,
And rove the roscid meads at morn,
Or down the garden's alleys wing,
And seem the fairy power of spring,
That views her buds with anxious care
And fans them with her softest air.
Such is the life decreed to thee,
So blissful do thy moments flee;
And when thy darling flowers at last
Fade and die by winter's blast,
Thou fliest where happy instinct leads,
And sport'st with spring on other meads.

S.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Cut on a pane of glass, at Warwick.

If aught, in Warwick's blooming groves,
Can claim an angel's care,
'Tis Innocence, bright virgin-queen,
Pourtray'd in Chloe there!

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EPIGRAM.

The gallant Lord Keppel was question'd one day
To give a description of keel-hauling play;
I remember it well, from a lad, quoth his lordship,
'Tis like *undergoing* a very great *hard-ship.*

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